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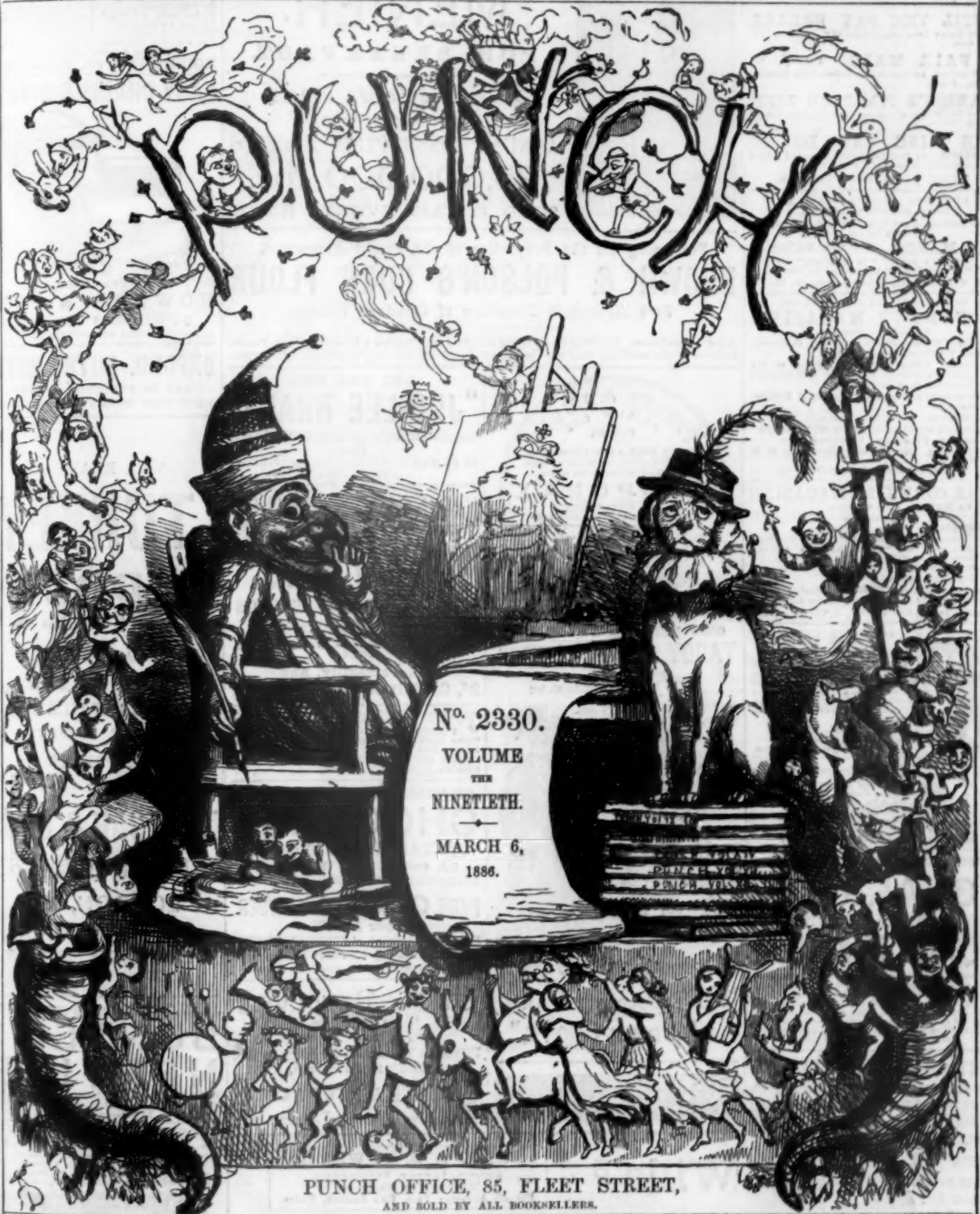
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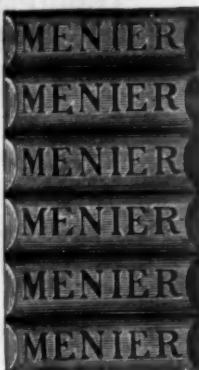
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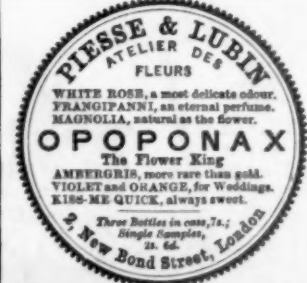
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# PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT. CONCERNING A SHILLING RETAINER.



"A TELEGRAM, Sir," said my Clerk, PORTINGTON, intercepting me as I walked from Fleet Street to the Thames Embankment. "It has been in Chambers since three o'clock, and I wasn't quite sure whether I ought to take it to the Club or Burmah Gardens."

"The Club, as a rule, is preferable," I replied. "Matters of a purely business character—you understand, PORTINGTON, purely business character—I do not care to go to my private address."

Upon this I opened the Telegram, and found it was from the lady who, many years ago, did me the honour of accepting my heart, my wig, and my bands. JOSEPHINA—who always likes to be explicit—had contrived to give me the desired information with a noble disregard to the Post-office regulations relative to the twelve-words-inclusive-of-address-limit, which filled me with respect. Her despatch ran as follows:—

To A. BRIEFLESS, Esquire, Junior.

12, Pump-Handle Court, Temple, E.C., London.

Cook—as Nurse is out with the children—is taking this to the Post-office to ask you to come home at once. I want to see you at once, so please come home as soon as you can. Cook is sending the same Telegram as this Telegram to you, at the Club, so that if you are not there, you may get it at the Chambers, if you are there, and not at the Club.

Reflecting that the Telegrams (which were signed by my wife with all her Christian names and full address) must have cost about five shillings a-piece, I hurried from my Chambers, dashed into a hansom, and was soon at Burmah Gardens. On my arrival a number of youthful heads looking out of the nursery windows joyfully disappeared, to reappear again almost immediately in the hall, whence I was escorted in triumph to the drawing-room to the presence of my wife. The children then retired, feeling, no doubt (poor little things!) that the scene about to follow would be too painful for them to witness. My wife was greatly agitated.

"He came in," she said, "and gave me this. We thought he was your brother HARRY, and so called to him, over the banisters, to walk up and have some tea, as I didn't know whether our new parlour-maid had ever seen him, and so he came in here, and gave me that."

I comforted my wife, as well as I could, and looked at the document. It was a subpoena, calling upon me to attend a trial, in which Mr. GREGORY THUNDER, the plaintiff, was to appear in person. I frankly confess that my heart began to beat faster. The name of GREGORY THUNDER was perfectly well-known to me as a most persistent and successful litigant, who had a way, however, with him,

of making his witnesses in one trial, the defendants in the next. What had I done to attract the attention of Mr. GREGORY THUNDER?

"Not that he wasn't all right, when I and the children grew accustomed to him," said my wife, wiping her eyes. "But he frightened me, for the moment, as you see, I thought he was HARRY. And yet he was most civil, and put a shilling on the mantelpiece, which he said was for you. I don't know why he should give you a shilling, but of course it was kindly meant."

I frankly confess that the next few days I spent very, very dimly. I had no wish to be mixed up with Mr. GREGORY THUNDER's disputes. This wonderful man was most energetic, but like other clever people, very liable to take offence. I ascertained that the action in which I had been called as a witness was one for slander, connected with a new invention, of which he was the patentee. Beyond this I knew nothing, save that it was the general opinion of my friends that I had better not approach him to ask him what he wanted from me (as I would willingly have done), as he might misunderstand me; and a "misunderstanding" with Mr. GREGORY THUNDER opened out a vista of almost endless litigation.

The day for trying the cause at length arrived, and I, imitating the example of many other unfortunate witnesses, seated myself in a back pew in one of the numerous courts attached to the Queen's Bench Division. The apartment was thronged, as it was rumoured abroad that Mr. GREGORY THUNDER, in his zeal to vindicate the fair fame of his patent, had subpoenaed half London. The proceedings commenced, but I heeded them not, as I was employing myself in making, what is called by the adherents of the Church of Rome, "an examination of conscience." I knew that Mr. GREGORY THUNDER rarely asked any one to give testimony on his behalf without treating the testifier as a hostile witness. Most anxious not to commit perjury, I consequently worried myself trying to remember whether if at any time in my life I had threatened, in a momentary fit of irritation (of course without any real intention of carrying the threat into force) to poison my maiden aunt, and endeavoured to decide whether I should be justified in asserting that I had never been guilty of house-breaking, in the face of the fact that I had once in my school-days abstracted an apple from a shed adjacent to my dormitory after nine o'clock. While I was considering these (to me) very weighty matters, my name was called, and I found myself, somehow or other, standing in the witness-box. While I was being sworn, Mr. GREGORY THUNDER glared at me with an expression of triumphant sternness, suggesting that he considered me his bitterest enemy, bound hand and foot for his delectation.

"Now, Sir, be careful," he said, shaking his forefinger at me, "and remember that you are on your oath."

I replied, as haughtily as I could, that I was aware of the fact. Still, the reminder caused my recollections of the possible threat about poisoning my maiden aunt, and the admitted abduction of the stolen school apple, to become intensely and painfully distinct.

"Now, Sir, were you ever in the Thames Tunnel?"

I was so completely taken aback at this totally unexpected question, that I could not answer. I hesitated, stammered, and for a moment could, for the life of me, make no reply.

"Yes or no, Sir—were you ever in the Thames Tunnel?" repeated Mr. GREGORY THUNDER, indignantly.

The Counsel for the Company looked at me half compassionately, as a right-minded Roman Heathen might have regarded an early Christian Martyr being led away, condemned, to the arena. The presiding Judge filled his pen with ink, sternly, and made ready to take down an answer, which, from a legal point of view, might entail the most disastrous consequences. Suddenly a light broke in upon me. With a rush, like a flood of silvery sunshine, or the music of angel voices, came the recollection that, as a matter of fact, I never had been in the Thames Tunnel—never in my life—I said so.

"Then," replied Mr. GREGORY THUNDER, perfectly self-possessed, and as if the remark he was about to make was the most natural thing in the world, "it must have been some other man!" And he sat down.

After a feeble protest on the part of the Judge, and the Counsel for the Company, "about the time of the Court being wasted," the incident being accepted as part and parcel of a "case conducted in person," came to an end.

I was free! I hastened home! The reaction from doubt to certainty was painful to the last degree. For weeks this examination had been causing me unspeakable discomfort. A highly nervous man, the fact that I was going into the witness-box to be questioned about I knew not what, had filled me with vague and ungrounded, but, nevertheless, torturing apprehensions. The door was opened for me by my eldest son, a boy rising nine.

"Papa, dear," said my first-born, holding up his face to be kissed, "will you give me that shilling?"

"What shilling, my little man?"

"The shilling you got from that gentleman. You know, Papa, darling—the shilling with the subpoena, that Mamma said cost you nothing."

Cost me nothing!!!

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

## INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 29.



THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

## IN SEARCH OF A JOB.

*A Voice from the Ranks of the Really Unemployed.*

"ANY chance of a job?" That's the fiftieth time I have put the same question already this week, The fiftieth time I have had the same answer, a sharp-spoken "No, Mate!" I might as well seek A fortune as fourpence an hour in these times; and the Missus and kids they are just about done. Some Swell asks the question if life is worth living. He'd answer it sharp after months o' this fun.

Worth living? You've heard of some hard-driven chaps as have finished the game off with pistol or knife; Then they call it insanity, don't they? No doubt; but you give beak or bobby a taste of this life, Say for just a short twelvemonth, and they'd understand how it raises the fiend in a broken-down bloke When the sticks are all sold, and the young 'uns go white, and of work, that would save 'em, you can't get a stroke.

I've walked off my boot-soles a-tramping the town in the frost and the slush, and with nothing inside. Been down to the Docks; I can handle my tools, but six months of starvation soon lowers one's pride. I've tried every shop from Blackfriars to Blackwall, and as far t'other way—ah, for seven mile round! And if there's a job in the whole blessed place, then my luck is dead out, for it ain't to be found.

The gate-keepers know me, my old figgerhead asks the question itself, and the answer comes pat.

"Any chance of a job?" If I wanted to rob, or to beg, the snub couldn't come sharper, that's flat.

Can you guess how I feel as I turn on my heel with the dull hang-dog look that comes over a chap After passing his day-hours from week-end to week-end in tramping, and trying, and touching his cap?

I feel like a dog nosing after a bone, and that feeling ain't likely to stiffen one's back.

Sometimes an old chum stands a glass, just for luck, or invites me to join in his one o'clock snack;

But mostly it's nix minus nothing all day, and at night with the wife and the nippers, you see.

If there is bite and sup, 'taint much strength a man gets out of bread and potatoes, and cat-lappy tea.

If it weren't for a pipe now and then from the pouch of this party or that, I could hardly hold on, And the Missus can't whiff, nor the young 'uns, worse luck! and our best bits o'things, one by one, are all gone.

There's nothing to raise half a dollar on left that I see. The wife's wedding-ring, POLLY's first prize,

My pet concertina, and most of our togs,—ah! the look of the place brings the tears to one's eyes.

"Come up to the Park," says JACK RUGGLES—he spouts—"and just hear me lay on to the rich 'uns." Not me!

Chucking things ain't my mark, whether words or half bricks. Master JACK never works, and he's brisk as a bee.

Black coat like a parson, broad beam like a boss, and he'll tip me his gab till I'm tired—and that's all.  
Never knew him stand Sam to a pal out of work, and though first at the tub, he is last at the brawl.

Can't follow his logic, nor him, nor don't want. 'Tain't my wish for to rob nor to beg, but just work.

But to watch the kids starve, with my muscles still strong, when there's nothing that muscles can do I would shirk,

That's hard on a chap, and the choice between that and the poor-house or charity doles is a choice

Which, put to a square-minded man, makes him feel that there's something wrong somewhere, could sense give it voice.

The Shops are all full—or else empty; the docks have about fifty hands stretching after each job.

Turn which way I will I see no one as wants me, not even the off-chance of earning a bob.

Go back to the Missus once more empty-handed? How can I? It makes a man feel like a scamp.

And yet what's the good? It is four-forty now, and I feel I shall drop if I keep on the tramp.

It was just such a fix drove poor FEATHERBY mad; decent fellow he was, but no nerve at a pinch.

He had been out o' work for ten months at a stretch; his pet daughter was dying of cold, inch by inch,

His wife,—well she roughed on him—women have tongues—and I fancy a something went wrong in his head.

"Death's better than this!" shrieks the poor harried fool. And the light o' next morning saw four of 'em dead.

Yes, that's how it works, on the weak ones at least, when it's kept up a little too long for their brains,

Or their hearts, or whatever it is that goes first, which I don't think as science exactly explains.

I know POLLY's eyes sometimes make me see red when they look at me out of her pale peaky face,

And a wild sort of passion boils up in my blood, and I have to rush out from the sight o' the place.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! I am footsore and faint, and the night's coming down, and I'm bound to turn home,

But I shrink from the looks that will meet mine with hope, and then fall when they see there ain't nothing to come.

An old old story that thousands could tell. Do you happen to know that dry sort of a sob

That shakes a man's chest as he turns, empty-handed, from one more long journey in search of a job?

### ROMANCE IN SEPTEMBER.

(A Sketch taken in London after the establishment of the Extra Session.)

"THE autumn tints on the leaves are charming," said the Lady BLANCHE DE PADDINGTON, as she sat on a chair in the Row, watching the horses of the riders, and the carriages of her friends, as they passed and repassed in scores and hundreds.

"Quite so," returned Lord SNOBBERLEY. "I consider London perfection in September—quite perfection. Much better fun here than knocking about in a yacht."

"Or shooting partridges in your place in the country?" queried the fair girl, with a smile.

"Well, I certainly miss them a little. But it will be all right next month," returned the Viscount, more cheerfully, "we have had some of the Gamekeepers up, and are preserving Eaton Square. I hope to give your father, the Earl, some capital pheasant-shooting there in a fortnight."

"Thanks on his behalf," said BLANCHE, with a little bow charming in its coquettish mockery. "No doubt, however, he will be able to return the compliment by affording some really good fox-hunting, at Christmas, in the Kensington Gardens."

"So I am told. By the way, your brother ALGERNON says that he and two other fellows have managed to stock the Serpentine with salmon. Is it really so?" The Lady BLANCHE nodded, and rising from her chair, strolled away with her companion.

They had seen a great deal of one another in years gone by in country houses, but it was only now that they actually met in a perfectly friendly fashion. The restraint of the provinces was thrown off in favour of that freedom so eminently characteristic of the Metropolis of the world.

"Where are you going this evening?" asked the Viscount (he was an Irish Peer with a seat in the House of Commons), as again they paused to rest themselves. "I saw you at CARL ROSA's Opera, last night, but could not get near you."

"Mamma is taking me to the Albert Hall to hear GOUNOD's last Oratorio. The QUEEN, the Prince, and the Princess will be there; and then we go on to the Ball at the German Embassy."

"Quite a novelty to see Buckingham Palace tenanted," commented Lord SNOBBERLEY, "especially in September."

And so they chatted on, until they came to a more secluded part of the Park. It was then that he opened his heart to her, telling her his prospects, and explaining his plans.

"It is coming at last!" she murmured as she turned her blushing face away from him. Suddenly Two struck from a neighbouring belfry. She listened eagerly for his impassioned accents. But they had ceased. She turned round—he had gone!

Biting her proud under-lip, she picked up a piece of paper which he had dropped at her feet, and which was inscribed with her name. She opened it. It ran as follows:—

"I am obliged to be off. If I am not in the House before the quarter past, I shall be suspended."

"So so," murmured the fair girl, with an expression of resentment seated upon her beautiful features, "and thus you prefer the House to me! When we are married, my Lord, you shall retire from Parliament." Then she sighed deeply, and repeated, with painful emphasis, "When?"

Already the House was struggling with the Home!

### AN ASYLUM FOR THE SANE.



'M the Emperor of China, though, for reasons of my own, I desire that the fact should not be generally known.

It might injure my position—for perhaps I should explain That I keep an Institution for the Treatment of the Sane. If my estimable patients should discover who I am, And find out that all my claims to be demented are a sham, They might deem me an impostor, and adopt the silly fad Of believing me incompetent to drive them raving mad.

Those who dwell in my asylum have been men of shining parts, At some former time connected with the sciences or arts, Versed in statesmanship, diplomacy, theology or law, One and all possessed of intellects that once were void of flaw. Men who managed to endure the dull constraint of social gyves Till they found out that 'twas futile to lead reasonable lives; That the source of human sorrow is a nicely balanced brain, And that only those are happy who are more or less insane.

I've an aged Mathematical Professor, by the way, Whose intelligence I'm slowly undermining, day by day; When he came to me, in algebra he'd ceased to take delight, And was bored to death—or nearly so—by always being right. Not the differential calculus itself could make him smile, Nor could fine old crusted cubic roots his saddened soul beguile.— Now he merrily avers that he's the happiest man alive, For he entertains no doubt at all that two and two make five.



If there's one thing I am proud of, 'tis a brilliant cure I wrought  
On a Doctor who persistently against my system fought.  
He agreed to undergo it, "as it certainly was new,  
Just to test it from a purely scientific point of view."  
I contrived to make him gibber ere a fortnight had elapsed;  
In another week his memory had utterly collapsed.  
Now he gaily mops and mows from rosy morn to dewy eve,  
Quite the gladdest—and the maddest—of my patients, I believe.

I've a Minister, who does not in the least know what he means,  
A delightful maniac Bishop and a brace of driv'ling Deans.  
I've a celebrated Journalist, whose brain I know is cracked,  
For he will insist that style should be subordinate to fact.  
There's my eminent Musician, too, whose sense of time and tune  
I have shaken to its base, and hope to shatter very soon;  
As it is, I note with rapture that he regularly fails  
To distinguish "Tullochgorum" from "God Bless the Prince of Wales!"

When I think of these successes, and of all the good I've done,  
I feel certain that my mission is indeed a blessed one;  
Yet I yearn in opium ecstasies my consciousness to whelm,  
And to toy with Golden Lilies in my own Celestial Realm,  
Where, by signing a death-warrant with my gay vermilion scrawl,  
I could cure the sanest person of his troubles once for all.  
But no matter! Here, in exile, I propose to end my days;  
For the English climate suits me, and—my Institution pays!

#### NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.

It seems to me as these times of egstement is werry bad for all on us, partiekler pollytickler egstement. It's not only bad for the Gents as dines, but also for us waiters as waits on 'em. They don't seem



to know a bit wot they heats nor a drop wot they drinks, and why? becos they're a torking and a squabbling and a worritting each other all dinner time, and the sharp way in which they refuses the most dellycate and happytising ongrays is almost enuff to break a Waiter's art. I dunno, of course, how it's cum about, but it seems to me as gents hasn't got the grand and nobel happytights as they wunce had. I sumtimes hoffers one on 'em a dish as is more like a pictur or a work of Hart than sum-

think to heat, and he looks at it, and shakes his hed at it, and says, "I wish I might." Brown says, and I think he's rite, that a man with a digestion must find it as grate a nuisance as a man with a consence, his idear of a moddle man is a gent who as he herd one say, no more thinks of asking his stummuck wot he shall put into it than he does his Portmanto. A pretty sort of life an Hed Waiter would lead if he was trubbled with either of these nuisances!

If I mite venture to hoffer just one word of warnin to my nobel Paytrons, the London diners-out, it woud be just this one. Go back to your good old fashun of, when you're a dining out, taking it heasy, and earn, and quiet, and don't waste your presshus time in torking and larking, or you'll cum to the same orful condition as our Amerrycane Cosens, who, I am credibly informed, gobbles up their dinners in about 10 minnets, and, as a natural consequents, weighs about 10 Stun all round. Fancy a grand old Copperashun composed of sitch men! In course I means my sollem warning to apply only to the reel dinner time; wen that's all over and there's nothink more to heat than a lot of frute and sitch rubbish, then's the time for tork and larfter, and that reminds me of a werry jolly heavingen as I spent the other nite.

As a trow Conserwatif I'm natrally opposed to all change. But we had wun the other heavingen as I'm quite prepared to sankshun, aye, and heven patronize. I was olishyat in at one of our tip top West End Otels, and we had one of them jolly Cheermen as not only don't make no long tiresum speeches hisself, but don't allow not noboddy

else for to do it. So to fill up the vacant time wot does he do but inwites the werry marryest, and jollyest, and pianny-forty-play-ingest gennelman as I hever seed or herd, and in course I've seed a goodish lot. His name was Mister Gnowsmith and he cum to us for jest a bower or too afore he went to the Sawoy Theater, where Brown tried werry hard to perswade me as he was a going to haet a kind of Japan'd Jack Ketch, but I wasn't quite sitch a fool as to believe that rubbish. Well if he didn't sit down to the Pianny and sing us such a jolly lot of songs as made us all, waiters and all, rore again. One speshally, about going to see in a Yot, cum home speshally to me, as I'm about as bad a Sailor as an Horse-Marine. He cum late and went hurley, to our grate regret, but play hacting obleeges, as the French says, and hordiences, speshally Galleries, won't wait for no man. I noticed as amost the ony thing as he het was Salary, so I spose that's the fav'rite dish with Hacters as with Copperashun Officiers.

And now cum another of the wunderfool ewents of my umbel life. As he was a leaving, he aoshally shook ands with me werry artily, and he says, says he, "I'm werry glad to have seen you, Mr. ROBERT, as I've often wished to do, for I bleaves as we both elps to emuse the Public in our wariuous ways!" and before I could ask him him wot on airth he ment, he was gorn. So I need ardlly say as that dinner lives in my memmery, not only for its own speshal helegance, and its sensible Chairman, but for the grand change he hintrodeed of giving us plenty of cappital and most emusing songs insted of long and dreary speeches, and for the honner conferrd upon me, a pore umbel Waiter, by one who I am credibly informed is the delite of all cercles and the idle of his hone.

Brown told me as how as he was told by a frend of one of the Irish Members as how as they was so ard up at one time for Irish Parnellite candied-dates, that they thort of getting a few Forren ones, and as I was harf a Welchman, and pretty well anyone was good enuff for 'em, it was quite on the pack of cards as they woud have accepted me! Reelly Brown has sitch a flattering way of paying a grate complement that one can't help likin him. He said as how the terrens, as they calls 'em, wasn't at all bad, wiz., five pound a weak and ewerythink found, but the hours was sumtimes xorusheating late, but to make up for it, we had, like the other skool boys, a harf hollyday on Wensdays and a hole 'un on Saturdays. ROBERT.

#### "AN OLD PARLIAMENTARY HAND."

"I thank thee, WAG, for teaching us that word."

SHAKESPEARE (Tory version).

Was loud Gratiano more noisily grateful

To Shylock the Jew for the word he had lent,  
Than are Tories to him, the eternally hateful,

Who aids their slack wits with such simple content?

"What, what shall we term him—the traitor black-hearted,

The trickster, the trimmer, the scourge of our land?

By Jove! he himself the straight tip hath imparted!

Let's call him the Old Parliamentary Hand!

"So sweetly equivocal, charmingly sinister!

Means—well, it means whatsoever we like.

A proud, hoighty-toity, magnanimous Minister,

What could more snakishly, lethally strike?

Suggests Artful Dodger, and Jeremy Diddler.

With dexterous handling, which we understand,

Shows what a shy fiddler and casuist riddler  
Are found in the Old Parliamentary Hand.

"It would not have done any damage to DIZZY,  
Who commonly spoke with his tongue in his cheek.

But he, the proud Bayard? Ah, let us be busy,

And hurl the small shaft at him ten times a week.

Jove, dropping his bolt, twangs this dart, *à la Cupid*,

And lesser toxophilites all round the land

Follow suit. If the stale iteration grow stupid,

All's fair—'gainst the Old Parliamentary Hand!

"No doubt it is open to other constructions.

In days when State-driving's so ticklish a task,

With kickers, and jibbers, and general ruetions,

It seems very much what true wisdom would ask.

A green hand, like Phaethon, hardly suffices;

Automedon's services could one command,

One would not take Jehu for corners and crises,

But trust to an Old Parliamentary Hand.

"But that's common sense, and not partisan smartness.

The phrase from the lips of the enemy sped,

And seems, with some twist, due to word-trick and tartness,

To fly, like a boomerang, back at his head.

We may not be able to "draw him"—he's clever!—

But Jeremy Diddler's a rôle hardly Grand;

And so let us howl on for ever and ever,

'Yah! booh! You're an Old Parliamentary Hand!'"

## VERY MUCH HARRY'D.

(A Visit to the Princess's, and a Suggestion as to how the Play came to be Written.)

"HENRY AUTHOR JONES," said WILSON BARRETT, one morning, "What shall I play next?"

"Let me see," replied HENRY AUTHOR—"you've done the classic—"

"Oh, d—ash the classic!" exclaimed WILSON. "No more *Claudian* and *Brutus* for me. And no SHAKESPEARE just now."

"Of course not," rejoined HENRY AUTHOR, much relieved, as, if SHAKESPEARE was to be called in, why was he summoned? Then, after some consideration—"They're doing a nautical subject at the Adelphi."

"Yes," observed BARRETT, thoughtfully. "I almost wish—but no"—(JONES trembled. Was W. B. meditating calling in PETTIT, or SIMS, or both?) "I think," resumed W. B., "I might have done the gay, dashing young Sailor—eh?"

"It would have suited you down to the ground!" cried DAVY JONES, enthusiastically.

"Down to the sea, you mean," playfully returned W. BARRETT; whereat, it being a Manager's joke, JONES went into convulsions of laughter. When sufficiently recovered, he ventured to suggest "a good domestic subject."

"What! with WILLARD as a Masher Villain again?" exclaimed W. BARRETT. "Won't do. It's played out."

"How about the Cromwellian period?" said JONES, more as if communing with himself than addressing the Manager. "I began a sketch of a play some time ago, with CROMWELL in it."

"Yes—yes," says W. B., musingly. "Not bad. OLIVER's not unpopular. HENRY IRVING made a hit as *Charles the First*."

"You'd make up splendidly for *Cromwell*!" insinuates JONES.

W. BARRETT turns on him a scrutinising glance. Up to now he had had no reason to suspect HENRY AUTHOR JONES of anything in the way of a joke or subtle humour. For a moment JONES feels uncomfortable and wishes he could retract.

"Make up for *Cromwell*, could I?" repeats WILSON, with his eye still on the trembling JONES. "Hum! What was he like?"

"He was about your height," replies JONES, nervously, "and about your build—and—"

"With a bottle-nose and a wart on it; hey?" asks W. B., sternly.

"Oh dear no," JONES hastens to explain; "that was a later *Cromwell*. The *Cromwell* I mean for you is when he was younger, and handsome, and manly-looking."

"Ah," returns W. B., mollified, "but that isn't the *Cromwell* the public expect. No—it won't do." Then suddenly, "Still—you're right—the period hasn't been done for a long time. Couldn't I play a sort of Prince RUPERT, eh?—escaping—rescuing—"

JONES saw it in a second. "My dear BARRETT, you'd make a first-rate Prince RUPERT. Just the height, and the build, and—"

So they set to work, and HENRY AUTHOR, oddly enough, found some notes by him for a Cavalier play of this sort, and as it wasn't quite what W. B. required, the latter very kindly offered to put it into dramatic form, and to work it up with a few strong situations that had occurred to him some time ago. So this is how *The Lord Harry* came to be written, and to be played; at least the above is not an improbable account of how it might have happened.

*Lord Harry* is a thoroughly interesting play for three out of five



On the Tiles.

Acts, and then, to my thinking, the business of the one great sensational scene is too pantomimic ever to be taken seriously.

Mr. WILLARD is excellent as the Puritan Captain, with a tough now and then of the old familiar wicked-Masher-swagger as he makes an exit, is always taking pot-shots at *Lord Harry* Wilson Barrett, and invariably missing him, finally bringing down, not

the house—though, indeed, he did once try to do this by blazing away at a house-top—but Miss EASTLAKE; though, somehow or other, he didn't wound more than her feelings, as she soon recovers, and is all right for the finish.

Miss EASTLAKE, who was suffering from severe injury to her instep when I saw her, has never appeared to greater advantage than as *Esther Breane* in this piece. She acts with great earnestness, and whatever success the piece may achieve will be mainly due to her and Mr. WILLARD, for, except to be dashing, to escape, to rescue, to make irritatingly long speeches just at critical moments, when "deeds, not words," are peremptorily demanded, and to be called a "rash, silly boy" (boyhood evidently lasted over a considerable period in the time of CROMWELL), Mr. WILSON BARRETT has no lights and shades of character to delineate. Perhaps as a "rash, silly boy" he may yet be a formidable rival to Mr. HENRY NEVILLE; but, as it is not the cowl that makes the Monk, nor the chimney-pot the situation, so it is not the open, expansive turn-down collar which can make either *Lord Harry* or *Lord Hamlet* into the "rash, silly boy," whose reckless gallantry is to win the men and charm the women.

The dull part of the play is that occupied by the Shakspearian Clowns, *Tribulation* and *Gilead Tyzack*, who are more wearisome than the two Gobbos. Poor Mr. GEORGE BARRETT occasionally has a bit of modern slang, such as "I'm not quite so sure about that," introduced just to enliven his part; but it doesn't do much.

Mr. CHARLES COOTE is a complete transformation as *Sheniah Pank*: a very clever performance. Miss LOTTIE VENNE is lost among the Shakspearian Clowns, but has one or two good little bits with Miss EASTLAKE.

The interiors in Zoyland Castle are most effectively painted, (with the one exception of a front-scene staircase,) by Mr. HALL: Hall-marked and Hall right; but oddly enough the Hall in Zoyland Castle is painted by Mr. HANN, whose scenes are excellent.

There is one thing which, I would respectfully suggest to the talented Authors, should be omitted, and that is the prayer on the house-top. All of us are aware that the roof is only an ingenious bit of carpentry, that the floods are merely canvass and gauze, cleverly painted by Mr. HANN, and as the audience is certain that Miss EASTLAKE is in no real danger, as, in fact, everybody knows that the whole lot of them are "merely pertendin'," it does grate upon a good many of them—and the majority of theatre-goers are not stupidly squeamish on such matters—to hear Miss EASTLAKE, when spread out upon the roof, and looking up to the sky-borders, commence a prayer with a fervid appeal to "Him who walked upon the waters," and so forth (I cannot recall the exact words) to help her in her sore distress.

The prayer fills up an interval while the *Lord Harry* W. Barrett is fetching the wounded *Colonel Clynds* from the garret. As the action is arranged, if it were not for this speech, there would be an awkward pause when Miss EASTLAKE is lying out to dry on the tiles. Probably she drew the Authors' attention to this at rehearsal, and said, "I can't stop here doing nothing while he's carrying up Mr. CLYNDs: so let me see—what could I do?—Sing?—no, I couldn't sing,—but I might pray for help. It's the sort o' thing a strictly brought-up Puritan girl would do in such a difficulty as this, you know,—she'd be sure to pray for help, wouldn't she?" Whereupon the Authors admitted she was right, and HENRY AUTHOR JONES went home, and next day came back with the prayer, whereat everyone was delighted and thought it just the very thing for the situation,—which I don't, and, unless I am much mistaken, the public doesn't either.

The play is well worth seeing, but whether it is equally worth hearing I should hesitate to affirm. Let the interest of the sensation scene be intensified, the action modified, the prayer omitted, and then the piece will, I feel certain, please the general public, who, I think, are not unfairly represented by

PENN NIBBS, THE PURITAN.

### Congratulations.

MR. PUNCH, who can take, just as well as give, his whack, Is proud of being singled out for Socialist attack; And also from his memory will never be effaced Being lectured by the P. M. G. on "execrable taste."

Mrs. R. says she intends to be buried in the Acropolis at Woking.



"Rash, Silly Boy!"





### THE LAST NEW FAD. A REACTION FROM ÆSTHETICS.

*The Professor.* "NOW, LADIES. STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER, PLEASE!—AND DON'T TRY TO SCRATCH—'TAIN'T NO GOOD WITH THE GLOVES ON!"

*M. le Professeur.* "ALLONS, MADemoiselle,—VIV LÀ! ROMPEZ—PARADE ET RIPOSTE EN QUARTE. BON! ENCORE UNE FOIS LA FEINTE DE SECONDE. HARDI! UNE, DEUSSE, TROISSE! FENDEZ-VOUS BIEN,—PARFAIT!"

#### "PAS DE FASCINATION;"

OR, WHICH IS IT TO BE?

WHICH shall it be? The fair MORLEENA's feet,  
Nimble and neat,  
Trip most enticingly in one direction.  
The choice demands considerable circumspection.

And Madame JOSEPHINE,  
Lithe, though a little lean,  
Is a danseuse who's not to be derided.  
Yet this new pirouettist who has glided,  
Like a new planet, into people's ken,  
Stirs every tongue and pen.

Her style is new, her steps are novel, very.  
Toes  
So swift as hers have scarce been seen since  
CERITO's.

How they do twinkle! 'Tis a most entrancing  
Although a rather *risqué* style of dancing.  
Will he, the elderly yet alert Apollo,  
Decide to follow

Her fascinating footing "all the way."

As rival 'bus-touts say?  
Maturer Madame JOSEPHINE, who lately  
Was thought a daring dasher, more sedately  
Moves than of yore, less Naughtily in fact,  
With paces less exuberant, more exact.  
She does not "take the floor," as once was  
seen,

With the brisk confidence of a bright Colleen,  
Quite ready for the liveliest Irish jig  
That ever scandalised slow-footed Whig.  
"The Kerry dancing," wild with Celtic joy,  
Pathetically piped of by MOLLOY,

Seem less to lure her now, less stir to  
pleasure,

Than native rustic measure  
By "aught of oaten stop or pastoral quill,"  
As MILTON puts it, set to Jack and Jill  
On English greens.

The second of the saltatory queens,  
MORLEENA, seems "more Irish, and less nice,"

Less prejudiced, more plastic  
In her selection for "the light fantastic."  
The rival charmers pose and pirouette,  
 wooing his favour who appears not yet  
Definitively to have made his choice.

Which, which will win his voice?

#### WHO'S TO FILL IT?

WITH a view to there being no doubt, in  
future, as to the efficient discharge of his  
duties by the New Commissioner of Police,  
it is understood that the Authorities have  
determined,

(1.) That the appointment shall be given  
only to a distinguished General Officer, who  
has held an important command in not less  
than three Campaigns;

(2.) That he will be expected to be well up  
in the names of all the back-streets of the  
Metropolis, and able to repeat off-hand the  
printed list of fares from any given Cab-  
stand within a six-mile radius from Charing  
Cross;

(3.) That he shall, even when off duty,  
wear a full-dress uniform, consisting of a  
policeman's tunic, life-guard'sman's breast-

plate, silver laced cocked-hat, surmounted  
with plume of ostrich-feathers, and carry  
four loaded revolvers in his belt.

(4.) That he shall never, under any cir-  
cumstances, appear in public except on  
horseback.

(5.) That he shall be capable of assuming  
any disguise at ten minutes' notice, and, if  
called upon to do it, give colourable imita-  
tions of all the popular Actors of the day,  
and other well-known leading characters.

And, lastly, that in seasons of apprehended  
tumult he shall place himself, *en évidence*, in  
the middle of the crowd, at the head of a  
full military band, accompanied by a couple  
of Magistrates, reading the Riot Act, and keep  
the Home Secretary duly apprised of his move-  
ments by telegraph every quarter of an hour.

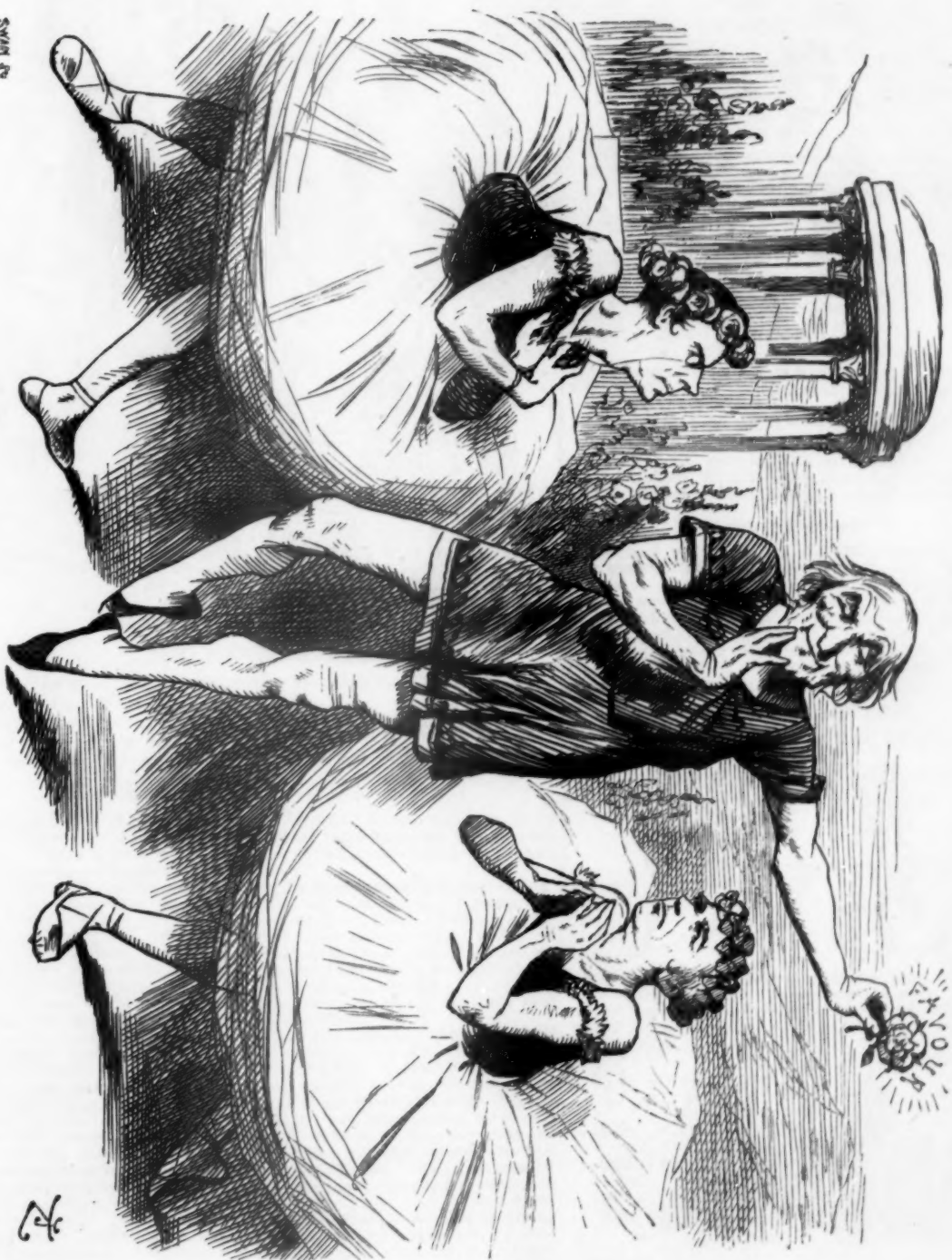
#### POOR CANTERBURY PILGRIMS "IN A WALK."

—The Canterbury Board of Guardians, (so it  
was reported) after a little discussion, have  
determined, with a conscientious regard to pa-  
rochial economy, on placing the paupers in their  
Union on half-rations of tobacco. Can this  
statement be correct? If so, the Canter-  
bury Board of Guardians must be regular  
"screws"—of tobacco. A knotty hard Board  
this at Canterbury, and one that ought to be  
sat upon.

À PROPOS of the Lodger-Franchise Bill,  
Mrs. R. calls Sir JULIAN GOLDENID a marvel-  
lous Professor of Lodger-domain.



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MARCH 6, 1886.



“PAS DE FASCINATION.”

MADAME JOSEPHINE.

AS NOW BEING DANCED BY  
SIGNOR GLADSTONE,

AND

SIGNORINA MORILENA.







## THE DANCING MAN.

She. "AWFULLY NICE DANCE AT MRS. MASHAM'S LAST NIGHT!"

He. "YAAS. WERE YOU THERE?"

She. "WAS I THERE? WHY—I DANCED WITH YOU THREE TIMES!"

He. "REALLY! SO GLAD!!"

## SUGGESTIONS FOR NEW RULES.

SIR,—I am not one of the Elected, but an Elector. (By-the-way, I am not up in history, but what a wonderful place Hanover must have been with only one Elector!!) I think that the work of a Member of Parliament ought to override all other considerations whatsoever.

If a barrister or business man can give his time to getting himself elected, which involves temporary neglect of duties, let him devote his whole day when he becomes a Member to the service of his country. Nothing less is expected of him, and with nothing less should his constituents be satisfied.

It is because the House of Commons came gradually to be looked upon as "the pleasantest Club in the world," that the business of the country has suffered.

"Business first, pleasure afterwards," seems to have been the motto of most M.P.'s, who went to their day's work from ten or eleven till four, and then strolled down to the House as they would to their Club.

No consideration should be made for the "private business" of Members. If a Stockbroker is elected M.P., let him get a partner who will do the Stockbroking business; and so for a Druggist, or a Brewer, or a Small-Coal-and-Tatur-man, or whatever may be the nature of the business or profession of any Member. Were this insisted on, then we should have the work of the House done within reasonable hours, as thus:—Committees, 10'30 to 12'30; two hours allowed for recreation and refreshment, 2'30 to 7 for work, 7 to 9'30 for further recreation and refreshment, and then from 9'30 to 11'30 for Question and Answer time and Notices, or anything that was merely mechanical. At 11'30, "Who goes home?" and everyone in bed by 12'30. To ascertain every night that this last regulation had been duly complied with, special officers should be told off to various districts, who should inquire at the houses of the Members residing or lodging there, and receive positive assurance of the M.P.'s having retired to rest for the night at the proper time. Saturday and Sunday must be "off-nights." Every Member at the commencement of every Session, should swear or affirm solemnly, that he will faithfully and strictly observe all the Rules which are to guide his conduct both in and out of the House.

The above are my own original notions. I enclose my card; and assuring you that I haven't another up my sleeve, I am

Yours truly,

ONE IN A THOUSAND.

## PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

## "A LIFE'S MISTAKE."

THE plot it is distinctly strong,  
The story not a page too long,  
Style good, likewise the grammar: on  
The whole I think it light and bright.  
The tale is wholesome, fresh,—pray write,  
Another, Mrs. CAMERON!

## "OUR TOWN."

PENNY readings and pic-nics, provincial society,  
With cricket, lawn-tennis, and country society,  
You will find here described in their endless variety!

## "AN ITALIAN GARDEN."

A BOOK of flower-fragrant verse,  
Dreamy, delightful, tender, terse.  
Most admirably done!  
There's light and colour in each scene,  
There's music of the mandoline,  
And bright Italian sun!

## "KATE PERCIVAL."

If you're anxious for a story which is very good indeed,  
Mrs. COMYNS CARR's *Kate Percival*'s the one you ought  
to read!

## "JOBSON'S ENEMIES."

THREE vols. in one—a fresh edition,  
Thrice welcome in its new condition!  
A graphic novel, bound to please, and, long before it en's,  
You'll number *Jobson's Enemies* among the reader's  
friends!

THE first edition of Mr. HATTON's *Lyceum Faust*, with pictures, was exhausted in a day's sale. We exhausted ours in a fifteen minutes' drive. This must not be confused with the *Faust and Loose*, the *Edition de Luxe*,—or "*Edition de S. Luke's*," as Sir THOMAS DE BEDLAM hath it,—which is inexhaustible. Advice to Paterfamilias,—All young people are fond of carpentering, and nothing pleases them so much as a Box o' TOOLE'S.

## UNREHEARSED EFFECTS.

BUT, "ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."



*The Lyceum Mephistopheles*  
(with his head bound up). "O  
my poor head!" (But goes on  
acting.)



*Alexander Faust*. "O my  
poor legs and arms!" (Re-  
enters as *Young Faust*.)



FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY!

*Mephistopheles* (log). "Ex-  
cuse my poor throat! Glad I've  
got plenty of steam in the  
house!" (Re-appears as fresh  
as ever.)



A CALL.

*Miss E. Terry* (to *Miss East-  
lake*). "Thanks, my throat is  
much better! But how's your  
poor foot?" (Nearly well,  
we're glad to say.)



### A LITTLE HOLIDAY!

*Fellow-Townsmen (to Manufacturer).* "HULLO, JACKSCREW! YOUR WORKS CLOSED! HOW 'S THAT! I UNDERSTOOD YOU WERE BUSY."

*Jackscrow (Brass-founder).* "SO WE ARE; BUT OUR 'ANDS TOOK 'EMSELVES OFF TO-DAY, TO JOIN THE PR'CESSION O' THE UNEMPLOYED!"

### A WORD FOR EVERYBODY.

SIR,—As for Trafalgar Square being tabooed for out-of-door monster meetings—why certainly. And the sooner all processions, no matter what their object may be, are stopped, the better for everybody. If the Lord Mayor's Show has to go with the rest, by all means let it go, and let the only exceptions be State Pageants.

The Liberty conceded has been converted into a tyranny, and the First Day of the week, set apart for rest and quiet, is made hideous by shouting Salvationists with discordant bands and tambourine-players. If these so-called religious processions be permitted, why should not the votaries of any other form of worship have their processions as well? The spirit of toleration has produced intolerance: liberty has come to be interpreted as the triumph of noise and numbers; and the figure of Liberty herself will soon be seen tied and bound as she was in the terrible days of the Commune in Paris. It is Liberty thus misunderstood that disgusts true

Liberals, who see the principles of Freedom of thought, of speech, of teaching, trampled under foot by modern VOLTAIRES, DANTONS, MARATS, and ROBESPIERRES, who would allow no one to think, speak, or teach, except in accordance with their intolerant ideas. If open-air meetings are wanted, let them be held in certain specified open spaces outside the four-mile radius,—say on Salisbury Plain. Parliament should issue a "stet processus," which I suppose means "let's stop the processions," and then loyal and undemonstrative subjects may have some chance of enjoying their once quiet Sundays again.  
Yours

LIBERATOR ET JUSTUS.

P.S.—There could be a travelling fund for railway expenses, to be supported by voluntary contributions from the Public Open-air Meetingists, and from all respectable citizens, who would only be too glad to give them an outing for twenty-four hours. Then let their chorus be, "We'll never come back no more, boys!"

### UNSEASONABLE GEESE.

Who heard the hissing?

"I," said the *Post*,

"'Twas at the first toast  
That I heard the hissing."

Who didn't hear?

"I," said CHARLES RUSSELL,

"And I take this fuss ill,  
For I didn't hear!"

Who were the hissers?

Men of small brains,  
Sixth-rate TOM PAINES—  
Tom Fools such hissers.

COMING OUT AND "GOING IT."—Last Thursday HENGLEY'S Circus attended at Windsor, and performed before the QUEEN in the Riding School. We are glad to hear the QUEEN is again taking to horse exercise. May the day be near at hand when Her MAJESTY will visit ASTLEY'S in State—(why was it ever changed to "SANGER'S"? We are Conservative in some things)—and witness the *Battle of Waterloo*, and other equestrian spectacles. Then on Friday Her MAJESTY came up to Town to hear GOUNOD'S *Mors et Vita* at the Albert Hall. The next will be a Jubilee visit in state to—but we are not at liberty to mention the name of the Theatre where Her Gracious MAJESTY will make her first appearance, or rather her *rentrée*. It will be duly advertised. But if we hint that it is not a hundred miles from Charing Cross, it would be no breach of confidence reposed in us.

### LINES ON LAST MONTH.

FEBRUARY drear and cold,  
Such as just has flown away,  
Patriarchs and grandsires old  
Ne'er have known for many a day.

Clouds continual have the sun  
Suffered not his face to show;  
Fog o'erhead of yellow dun,  
Mist obscuring air below.

Early darkness raised a doubt  
In the minds of mortal men  
If the days, which had got out,  
Were not getting in again.

What the vapour could have bred  
All around could no man dream.  
IRVING'S *Faust*, some triflers said,  
Owing to escape of steam.





## SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

## THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Feb. 22.—“Our object is to save time,” said GLADSTONE, impressively; in pursuance of which object he proceeded at nearly half an hour’s length to move the appointment of a Committee that was not opposed.

“We certainly want Reform of Procedure,” said TIM HEALY, “but, like Charity, it should begin at home,—that is to say, on the Treasury Bench. Look at CHILDERS last week, taking half an hour to tell the House he had appointed a Committee of Inquiry into the Riots, and here’s GLADSTONE now appropriating only a little less to move the appointment of Committee to take into consideration Resolutions of Opposition. If he’d been going to refuse consideration of Conservative scheme, might have found it necessary to make speech. But when agreeing to consider them, why this wasted twenty minutes? And then they talk of us obstructing business!”

Good deal in what TIM says, as, indeed, there generally is.

GLADSTONE in one of his friendly moods; affected almost to tears when HICKS-BEACH cheered one of his arguments; wanted to reach across the table and clasp H.-B. round the neck. H.-B. didn’t seem to care for that, but reciprocated spirit in which Right Hon. Gentleman spoke.

Peace and Harmony of the episode disturbed by one of those New Members. Captain FIELD informed House that one of the first things he did after taking the Oath was to endeavour to obtain Copy of the Rules. Told there were none available. Further informed he might go to bookseller, and buy a copy. “But,” said the gallant Captain, drawing himself to his full height, “I declined to do so;” at which ringing cheers went up from the New Members. A pretty pass

indeed we’ve come to if we are to go and spend sevenpence or eightpence of our own money upon Copy of the Rules and Orders of the House! Wanting us to bring our own soap to the lavatory next. Fact is, Treasury does too little for Members. In some countries they have a pass over all the Railways. At least not too much to ask that Members shall have free pass over Metropolitan District Railway during the Session. Professor HUNTER, when he’s finished Burmah, will look to this.

RANDOLPH away to-night. Attracted to Belfast, where there is promise of Orange row. Sir THOMAS WEBSTER, with shocked face, asked House how it can consider question of Burmah in absence of RANDOLPH? Proposes Adjournment. House laughs. WEBSTER, abashed, takes back seat, and debate proceeds.

Business done.—Committee on Procedure agreed to. Indian Contribution to cost of Burmah War approved. Supply.

Tuesday.—“Chance of a Count Out to-night?” I asked ARNOLD MORLEY.

“Count Out!” he growled; “did you ever hear of a company of first-nighters at a successful play counting-out the House? Don’t believe there’ll be a Count Out this Session. New Members not quite sure that there will be a second Session for them; determined to make the most of their opportunities. They come early, and make up for it by going away late. They fill the Smoking-room, swarm in the Reading-room, and swamp the Dining-room. Believe some of them sleep all night in Library. As one said the other night, ‘Jee sicz and jee rest.’ No, there’ll be no Count Out to-night.”

Nor was there. Tried once, but New Members came swarming in by fifties, and no further attempt was made. Their delight in the place unbounded. Nobody a bore to them. To-night, MCKENNA, for the first time, delivered uninterruptedly that Speech about the inequality of Imperial Taxation in Ireland. Many years since he first began to recite it. Beard



Enthusiastic Reception of Randolph by the Irish Members.

and moustache grown blue-black than ever in effort. Old House used to roar at him. Sir PAT O'BRIEN in particular personally resented the speech. To-night Sir JOSEPH went on like a flowing river, enjoying himself, and the cause of enjoyment in others.

"I think," he said, as he gathered up his papers, "that will settle the question as to who is to be Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Home Rule Parliament."

ESMONDE rose to second Motion. In doing so he said, "I wish to make a few remarks on the character of the National Debt of Ireland." A year ago this proposition would have been received with a howl of despair. New Members licked their lips over prospect, settled themselves down comfortably in their seats, and a smile of pleased content illuminated the House when ESMONDE, with thick roll of notes in hand, began at 1794. Serjeant SIMON looked on with melancholy aspect. He remembered the time when he had proposed to describe the Constitution of Jamaica a hundred and two years ago, and House incontinently yelled him down.

Perhaps most remarkable case that of Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL. Sir GEORGE who, after all, is a humorist, had taken McKENNA's Resolution bodily, and moved, as an Amendment, to substitute Scotland for Ireland. A year ago the House would have emptied at first sound of his melodious voice. To-night New Members sat delightedly at feet of Sir GEORGE (who said his motive was to "bring out the facts of the case") indignantly cried "Order!" when some old Member seized the opportunity to enter into private conversation, and remained in rapt attention to the end.

"Don't know what you think, TOBY," Sir GEORGE said, after it was over. "But it seems to me that this is the best and most intelligent House of Commons of recent times."

*Business done.*—Nothing particular.

*Wednesday.*—Curious scene in House this afternoon. CRILLY brought in measure called Town-House Ireland Bill. Didn't hear his speech myself, but GORST tells me objects of Bill are that every agricultural labourer in Ireland having in the first case been provided with three acres and a cow, is to have allotted to him a town-house, where he may spend a few months every season. GLADSTONE on his legs, neither approving nor disapproving Bill—just making a speech. Suddenly a quick movement went through the House. All eyes turned towards the door, and there was beheld RANDOLPH fresh from inspiring Ulster. As he passed the serried ranks of Parnellites drawn up in support of the Crilly-willy—Every-Man-his-own-Town-House-Bill, a crooning noise, sometimes rising to a howl, went up.

"He's dead to us, let's wake him," said JOSEPH GILLIS, feeling in all his pockets to see if perchance he had a candle-end; and they did, filling the house with mournful wail.

RANDOLPH bore up bravely, supporting himself by holding on to his moustache, as he walked past the mob. But reception cut him to the heart.

"It's not the shouting I mind, TOBY," he said, as I seated myself by his side, for I always liked RANDOLPH; "it's the breaking of old associations. These are mine own familiar friends, as another great man once said. I've heard the chimes of midnight with them, held sweet converse with JOSEPH GILLIS when he used to sit behind me. I've plotted and planned with TIM HEALY behind the Speaker's Chair. I've lived with them, and loved them, and they have trusted me. And now, see by what slight bonds we were held together! But yesterday they cheered me when I rose. To-day they jeer me, as I pass." And RANDOLPH fairly broke down. *Business done.*—Every-Man-his-own-Town-House-Bill referred to Select Committee.

*Thursday.*—"Who ordered Canadian Medals?" asked CREMER. "Not I," said HENRY FOWLER, Secretary to the Treasury. "Not I," said W. H. SMITH, late Colonial Secretary. "Specks they growed," said the Sage of Queen's Anne's Gate, sarcastically. But there they were, and some one had to pay for them. It appears that Medal ordered to be struck to commemorate gallant conduct of Canadian Volunteers in connection with Riel Rebellion. Canadian Government presented it not only to Volunteers who had been in service, but to those who stopped at home, and then invited British tax-payer to meet the charges. INCE proposed compromise—"Let Great Britain and Ireland pay for the item, Ribbon £30, and melt down the silver of the medals." Vote finally agreed to, but nobody owned up to having given the order.

Parnellites still keep pegging away at RANDOLPH. He has shocked them in their finest feelings. What they can't a-bear is a man who goes to Ireland and makes inflammatory speeches. RANDOLPH gave mortal offence in this direction. Went to Belfast, and swore by 'igh 'eaven that the Orangemen's rights were worth fighting for. JOSEPH GILLIS so shocked at this that he remains speechless. SEXTON, overcoming his emotion, gives notice of a Resolution "particularly regretting and condemning language designed to intimidate the House, and to incite bodies of persons in Ireland to the use of arms." That is a thing the Land-Leaguers never will stand, and they mean to take it out of the blameless RANDOLPH. *Business done.*—Supply; Crofters' Bill brought in.

*Friday.*—Quiet night, though fringe of Irish Question was touched by reference to the case of DAVID MCGAW. DAVID, it appears, has telegraph-pole

growing in his back garden. Postal Authorities want to remove it. DAVID demands compensation. Post Office refuse it. Country-side a-flame with excitement. DAVID MCGAW sits up all night with his telegraph-post, and swears it shall be dragged out of garden only over his dead body. Attention of High Court of Parliament very properly drawn to circumstance which may conceal the germs of revolution.

Long debate on Riots. General GOLDSWORTHY gives delightful account of his personal experiences. Heard of crowd in Trafalgar Square. Went down to see what was the matter; listened to speeches; followed the Mob into Piccadilly. Near Achilles Statue warned to go away, Mob thinking him policeman in disguise. "The General dies, but never retreats." Pressed forward, seized by a dozen men, who put their hands in his pockets, then knocked him down. "The men didn't look as if they were starving," the General confided to the SPEAKER. They were, on the contrary, well fed. "But," he added, with an air of conviction, "they wore a very criminal aspect." *Business done.*—Not much.

### ELECTRIFYING CAPTAIN SHAW.

MR. CARPENTER, lecturing the other day on "Fire Alarms," is reported, by the *Daily News*, to have said:—

"At the central offices of the Salvage Corps, too, wonderful things were done in the way of alacrity. Here the men slept in their under garments, and upon the bed were their trousers, which were sewn inside their boots. The bedclothes were attached to a wire, and at the first alarm were violently pulled off. At the same time a trap opened in the floor, and the men while putting on their trousers slid down an inclined plane into a vehicle below. Altogether it took them 13½ seconds to get out of the building fully equipped. Mr. CARPENTER also described the self-acting fire alarms, which send a warning message directly the apparatus gets heated, and he pointed out that a practical testimony to their value lay in the fact that factories which employed them were insured by the fire offices at from one-half to one-third of the ordinary rates."

On this our own Electrician begs to make the following pictorial suggestions to our Chief Fire-man—



PROPOSED ADAPTATION OF THE "AMERICAN FIRE ALARM" TO ORDINARY LIFE.

A. The Electrical Apparatus set for 8:30 A.M.; B. Bed-Clothes Remover; C. Spring Sponge, which knocks the Subject into the Tub D; D. The Tub; E. E. Strong Spring, which projects him to F; F. Electrical Toilet Apparatus; G. Shoot, which propels him into H; H. Suit of Clothes, sewn together, which, when filled, descends automatically to I; I. Electrical Apparatus, which supplies Coffee and Broiled Kidneys, and propels him into J; J. Hat (brushed by electricity), Cane, and Automatic Coat-Brush; K. The Subject at 8:32 A.M.



The grasshopper has, according to its size, 120 times the kicking power of an average man. It must be exciting times for the young grasshoppers who go courting and find the old man at home.

### A DARING DEED.

The Louisville, U.S.A., *Courier Journal* publishes the following war reminiscence:—Police officer Thomas Flanagan, 2,526 Bank-Street, is a man of great courage and determination. He served with marked courage throughout the civil war, and is now a prominent member of the Grand Army of the Republic. He was the hero of a thrilling adventure at Resaca, Georgia, while serving under Sherman. All the ammunition of this entire army was in charge of his detachment, as also about 1,000 wounded. The ammunition was stacked in piles, and the wounded were in tents near at hand. Suddenly a fearful storm came up, and the lightning struck so near the ammunition as to set fire to the tarpaulins covering it. In an instant 5,000 people were fleeing in all directions. Flanagan stood his ground. He seized the tarpaulins, all ablaze, and threw them into the creek near by. The rope handles of the ammunition boxes were next found on fire. Flanagan leaped into the creek, bucket in hand. Some of the boxes began to flame up—still he persevered. He threw them also into the creek, until at last, single-handed, he succeeded in preventing an explosion, and the fearful destruction of the lives of the wounded. "There was enough ammunition there, had it exploded," he states, "to have shaken the State." To a question by a reporter, whether he was not rewarded, Mr. Flanagan said: "The Quartermaster presented me with a canteen of whiskey. I never got a pension, and never asked for one, though my wife applied for one against my wish." And as to his injuries during the war, he said: "I was severely wounded at Pittsburgh Landing, where I received a bullet in my leg; and another leg was crushed at the battle of Chickasaw by my horse falling on me, injuring my arm also. Sometimes I have thought my wounds and injuries would drive me crazy. I had the most agonising rheumatism, and doctors could not benefit me. I seemed at times to have a spasm of the bones in my crushed leg. The strongest opiates gave but temporary relief. The pain must in the end have driven me wild. But recently, upon the recommendation of a large number of acquaintances and friends, I was persuaded to use St. Jacobs Oil. The effects were wonderful. The Oil gave me relief at once, and after one week's use I was entirely cured." Mr. Flanagan speaks enthusiastically of this marvellous medical discovery.

### SWORN FACTS.

The *Hull News* says—"The following remarkable proof of the wonderful powers of an astonishing new remedy—Henry's, of 11, Cheatham-place, Adelaide-street, in the borough of Kingston-upon-Hull, railway employé, who had been a terrible sufferer for many years from rheumatism in its worst form, having read of it, determined upon a trial, which has been attended with the most extraordinary results; and being anxious that his experience should be known to other sufferers he determined to bring it forward in such a manner as to leave no possible doubt of its reliability. So he appeared before Mr. J. Singleton, a Commissioner to Administer Oaths in the Supreme Court of Judicature in England, and made oath as follows:—"He affirmed that he had been totally unable to work for a long time, and had been confined to his bed for a considerable period; that he had tried various doctors and many remedies, but that he grew worse instead of better; that at that time his joints were so swollen that he could not wear boots, and two crutches were hardly sufficient to support him. After having heard of St. Jacobs Oil in the manner before stated, he purchased a bottle, and after twelve hours he found relief, and is now cured of rheumatism, and works daily."

Note.—St. Jacobs Oil is sold by all chemists at 2s. 6d. a bottle, by post 2s. 6d. each, 46, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

## S. & H. HARRIS'S STABLE REQUISITES.

**WATERPROOF HARNESS COMPOSITION.**  
**JET BLACK OIL** FOR HARNESS.  
**SADDLE PASTE** (WATERPROOF).  
**EBONITE WATERPROOF BLACKING.** FOR BOOTS, SHOES, HARNESS, AND ALL BLACK LEATHER ARTICLES.  
**POLISHING PASTE.** FOR CLEANING METALS.  
**POUCH BLACKING** (WATERPROOF).  
Sold by all Saddlers, Grocers, and Ironmongers. Manufacture: 57, MANSELL STREET, LONDON, E.



**THE ONLY PALATABLE NATURAL APERIENT WATER.**  
**A POSITIVE CURE FOR STOMACH, LIVER, AND KIDNEY AFFECTIONS.**  
The best household remedy and specific for CONSTIPATION.  
Descriptive Pamphlet, with Testimonials, post free, sold by Chemists, 1s. 6d. and 2s. per bottle.  
MANUFACTURED BY THE WATER COMPANY, Limited, 25, NEW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

### CORK DISTILLERIES COMPANY (LIMITED).

**SIX PRIZE MEDALS FOR IRISH WHISKY.** First Prize Medal, Philadelphia, 1876; Gold Medal, Paris, 1879; First Prize Medal, Sydney, 1879; Three Prize Medals, Cork, 1880.

"VERY fine, full flavor and Good Spirit."—*Jurors' Award, Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, 1876.*

"UNQUESTIONABLY as fine a specimen as one could wish to see."—*Jurors' Award, Cork Exhibition, 1880.*

**THIS FINE OLD IRISH WHISKY** may be had of the principal Wine and Spirit Dealers, and is supplied to wholesale merchants in casks and cases by **CORK DISTILLERIES COMPANY (LIMITED), MORRISON'S ISLAND, CORK.**



**THE KROPP Registered**  
**REAL GERMAN HOLLOW-GROUND**  
**SAFETY RAZORS.**  
Always ready for use. The finest razor ever manufactured. Mr. Henry Irvine writes—"I and my Messrs. excellent." The money will be returned if the Razors are not as represented.  
Black Handle. Ivory Handle.  
In Leather Case complete 8s. 6d. .. 7s. 6d.  
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4 Razors .. 12s. 6d. .. 11s. 6d.  
7-Day Case complete .. 9s. 6d. .. 8s. 6d.  
From all Dealers, or direct from the English Depot, 21, FRITH ST., SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.

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**THE NORMAL DIURETIC APERIENT**  
*Friedrichshall Mineral Water*

### LIQUEUR of the GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

This excellent Liqueur, the great preventive of Choleraic Attacks and also the remedy for Indigestion, can now be obtained of all Wine Merchants. The late advance in the Customs duty not having been maintained, the Liqueur is again procurable at prices which bring it within the reach of nearly all classes. Sole Consignees.

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SILVER MEDAL, HEALTH EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1884.

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PREPARED BY APPOINTMENT TO THE ROYAL DANISH AND IMPERIAL RUSSIAN COURTS, AND H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

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These celebrated CIGARETTES, manufactured by Messrs. CHRELMIS & COTRONI, of CAIRO, may be obtained of Messrs. BENSON & HEDGES, 13, OLD BOND STREET (Sole London Agents). Samples Post Free on application.

## HOWARD BEDFORD PORTABLE RAILWAY.

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**EVERY GARDEN and every GARDENER** suited with a superb collection of ROSES, at prices ranging from 3s. 6d. to £20. Carefully packed, and Carriage Paid. For full particulars, apply to **EWING & CO., HAVANT, HAMPSHIRE.**

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In a few days removes every Eruption, Spot, or Blemish, rendering the Skin clear, smooth, supple, and healthy. Sold everywhere.

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Write as smoothly as a lead pencil, and neither scratch nor splut, the points being rounded by a fine process. Six Prize Medals awarded. Assorted Sample Box, 1d. of any Stationer, or send 7 stamps to C. BRANDAUER & CO.'s Pen Works, Birmingham.

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NON-MERCURIAL. The BEST and SAFEST ARTICLES for CLEANING SILVER, ELECTRO-PLATE, &c. FOUR GOLD MEDALS awarded. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. 6d.

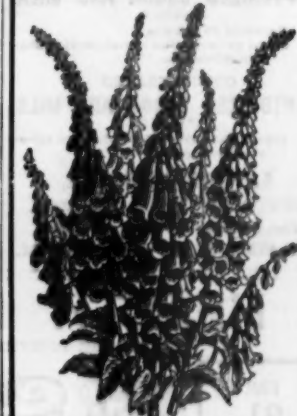
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**For INFANTS and INVALIDS.**  
A highly-concentrated and self-digesting nutriment for young children; supplying all that is required for the formation of firm flesh and bone in a partially soluble and easily assimilable form. It also affords a sustaining and healthful diet for Invalids, and those of a dyspeptic tendency.  
Tins, 6d., 1s., 2s., 5s., & 10s.

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FREE BY POST OR RAIL.



Digitals (Fragrans), per Packet, 3d.

**SUTTON'S COLLECTIONS OF FLOWER SEEDS** contain the best and most complete assortments yet offered.  
For LARGE GARDENS. Collections at 6s. and 12s.  
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25 Sorts .. 12s. 6d. | 24 Sorts .. 1s. 6d.  
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Seedsmen by Royal Warrants to H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, READING, BERKS.

**HIGHEST AWARD**  
**Apollinaris**  
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### GENTLEMEN.

*Specialists* Coatings, Saxons and Cheviot Cloths, for Morning and Frock Coats, of the finest manufacture.

*Specialists* Suitings, from Three Guineas, in the new Spring patterns.

Trousers in extensive ranges and most *recherché* designs.

Overcoats, Wing Cloaks, &c., for all seasons and climates, always in stock.

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Ladies' Spring Costumes in entirely new and original designs. Costumes from 4½ Guineas, in a special range of Cloth-Serges, in all colours.

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Ladies' Spring Jackets in the new shapes, and finely braided.

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Delicious flavour. No digestion needed.  
Highly nutritious. Always ready.  
A stimulant without alcohol.

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Unrivalled for nutrition.  
For all whose digestion is weak, invalids, delicate children, &c.

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Always available as a Restorative and agreeable beverage.

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Tins, 2s. 6d. each, obtainable everywhere.  
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Gives instant Relief in Cases of ASTHMA.

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A boon to the Hair-Dressing Community, as it is as harmless as it is efficacious. No dye in the world can instantaneously impart such a natural dark or black colour to the Hair, Eyebrows, and Beard. Invaluable for Ladies' Chevelures. Unlike so many largely advertised Dyes, Restorers, and Washes, composed of deadly poisons, but sold as harmless—that disfigure and ruin the health of thousands yearly—COUNT D'ORSAY'S HAIR REVIVER is so perfectly harmless that, at his Public "Expositions," Professor Monro has eaten large quantities in the presence of forty-five Representatives of the Press and Medical Men. See London and Frinton Press. Pamphlets gratis. Price 6s. 6d. per Box, carriage paid. Sent free from observation. Sole proprietor, Professor MOBO, 4, Dove Court, Old Jewry, London, E.C.

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PRODUCES  
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USED GOLD.  
Superior and much  
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Sold in 6d. and 1s. boxes by Fancy Dealers, or sample box for 7 stamps, direct from Messrs. Hinde's London Sample Room, 14, City Road, E.C. Also proprietors of the famous "HALL TERRY" HAIR PIN, which cannot possibly fall out when once placed in the hair. Sample Boxes—Very thin black, 8 stamps; solid aluminium gold, 14 stamps. Wholesale of Messrs. Hinde, Birmingham and London. BEWARE of knavish imitations, which are absolutely useless frauds. Vendors will be rigorously prosecuted.

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PRICE  
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NO ACID  
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Of the **MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, Limited, 52, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.**, price 21s., Post Free.  
UNIVERSALLY APPROVED BY THE LEADING PHYSICIANS, and has cured many obstinate and distressing cases which had defied all other methods of treatment. It will afford more relief, more comfort, and more satisfaction than five times the cost spent in physicking. Therefore, discard prejudice, try rational treatment, and you will assuredly be numbered amongst the ever-increasing multitude who daily express their gratitude for the priceless benefits derived from the Electropathic treatment.

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1000 TESTIMONIALS  
MAY BE HAD ON APPLICATION

BEWARE  
OF  
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NO ACID  
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